

SATURDAY EVENING, AUGUST 31.

SUBSCRIPTION TO THE EVENING WORLD. (Including Postage )

VOL 30.....NO. 10,238 Sintered at the Post-Office at New York as accond-class FU" BRANCH OFFICES:

WORLD UPTOWN OFFICE-1267 BROADWAY, between 31st and 32d sts., New York.

BROOKLYN-350 PULTON ST. HATLEN-News
Department, 150 East 125 TH ST.; adventments
at 257 East 115 TH ST. PHILADELPHIA, PA.—
LEDGER BUILDING, 112 SOUTH ST. WASHING-

TON-610 14TH ST.
LONDON OFFICE-32 COCRSPUR ST., TEAFALGAR

## THE CIRCULATION

# THE EVENING WORLD

Friday, Aug. 23, WAS PRECISELY

348,010

COPIES.

But even on days when there is no event of ex-THE EVENING WORLD sells a few copies. For instance, its circulation on Thursday, Aug. 22, was

170,370

TWO PICTURES.

Next Monday will be Labor Day, and 20,000 lusty workinen will parade the streets of New York. There have been processions of laborers in London, too, for a week now, but how different the occasion. By the time Monday comes, with its waving flags and jubilant bands and picnics of the hardhanded ones all over America, London may be in the throes of an unparalleled riot.

Labor Day ought to be a thanksgiving day as well, for us.

A LITTLE MORE GINGER.

'Rah for ginger! It's the baseball elixir. The Giants took a hypodermic injection of the same yesterday and, lo! with what an

The pungent odor sickened RADBOURN. and as for Kreyr, well, he was all ginger. Stick to the gringavera root, boys,

A little more ginger to the thing The champion pennant for to bring.

JUST LIKE HIGHWAYMEN.

The Western members of the American Bar Association, who tried at Chicago vesterday to squeeze into the resolutions of the meet. ing an indorsement of Chicago as a site for the World's Fair, did a petty, unbecoming thing, and were sat upon in the most approved manner.

The Western effort to "hold up" the World's Fair by the method in vogue on Western stage-coach routes is laughable. The | the uptown theatres, cannot be compared with World's Fair will come to Manhattan, where it belongs, and it will not have to be dragged, either.

WHAT A PARSON'S WIFE IS FOR.

Whatever improprieties worldly eyes may find in Preacher C. H. YATMAN'S startling talks to women at Ocean Grove Camp-Meeting, the reverend gypecologist must have credit for shedding new light upon that mooted question. " What is the sphere and function of a parson's wife?"

In an interview yesterday be said, when asked which statements in THE WORLD'S report of his harangue were untrue :

"I cannot say, as I did not read the article. would not read anything printed in a Sunday "If you did not read the article how do you

know it is untrue ?" "I had my wife read it to me." Is or is not that what unsanctified people

call pharisa sm? Or is it beating the devil around a bush? Or what is it?

What is the Rev. YATMAN's notion in making his poor wife do the sinning for the whole family while be wan lers in the sunlit meads of virtue and godliness, preparing himself and other men's wives for a blessed hereafter.

### DUNBAVEN'S CHALLENGE.

Lord DUNBAVEN ought to have been given a race of some sort for his vacht the Valkyrie. No fault can be found with the nobleman's spirit. He certainly has "sporting blood," 'I was anxious," he says. "to sail against whatever yacht would have been selected to defend it (the America Cup) for a prize of squal value, or for nothing at all."

The dummy do-nothing treatment to which DUNBAYEN has been subjected by our yachtsmen to not at all creditable, nor at all in sceora with the American spirit of giving all would-be racers a fair show. But perhaps the wonderful Minerva has given our yachtsmen a plenty of Scotch cutter for this season.

A GENTLEMAN?

her faults of complexion, undoubtedly fancied he was smart. He plumed himself on having a pretty wit, being a master of repartec, and all that. His was a common error. He was brutal, not caustic. His tongue was a bindgeon, not a rapier. He was a beast, not a mon.

The poor girl, hearts ore under the words, took Paris green and ended her life. She the whole world of mantind by him, and there is small wonder she was glad to

There is a lesson here which he who runs may read and a multitude may profit by. Remember Lord Chesterrenc's teaching, that unselfistness is gentility.

A gentleman who isn't gentle to a woman is no centleman.

A PADLOCK THAT DIDN'T WORK.

TANNER's tircless, peorless mouth got him into a mess at the G. A. R. Encampment yestorday, when he talked in his breezy way about the premium put upon immoral ty by stopping the payment of pension money to soldiers' widows in case they remarried. An hour after adjournment the Commissioner took a train out of town.

In his speech he had said: "I have come out here with my lips padlocked on all mat-

ters pertaining to pensions," What a pity the key was not thrown into Lake Michigan.

THEY WOULD MAKE GOOD FREAKS. The two rattle-pated St. Lawrence River steamboat captains who yesterday took to racing through Lachine Rapids ought to be punished in some way that they'll remember for the rest of their senseless lives. There may be no law for the flogging, fining or imprisonment of such men, but they can at least be put out of power to repeat such criminal folly.

That the crippled wrecks of the boats came out of the jaws of death and succeeded, after the collision, in getting to Montreal with your work. traordinary public interest their passengers is no credit to the captains. Chain them up or engage them to a museum.

WORLDLINGS.

Confinement in prison has improved the physical condition of E. L. Harper, the Cincinnati bank wrecker. His eye is clear, his face free from any trace of care or wrong and be appears to be in splendid health.

Dr. Brown-Sequard is described as a man o middle height, of slight stature. He has a very dark complexion, looking much like a creole. and is noted for his courteous manners.

Vanderbilt's beautiful yacht, the Alva. is com manded by Captain Morrison, formerly the popular commander of the Ohio. He is paid \$5,000 a year for his services.

Mile, Sylvania, the American singer whose lobut will be made in grand opera at Brussels next winter, is not yet twenty. Her name in private life is Emms Walters, and she is possessed of unusual beauty.

"FINE FEATHERS."

A very creditable performance was that given at the Windsor Theatre last night by Miss Lizzie Evans and her company. Without very much announcement and in an unpretentious way, a comedy of English life," entitled "Fine Feathers," was produced, and it may be said to have met with success.

Mice Lizzie Evans is a sprightly, intelligent little soubrette, with considerably more than a oubrette's share of dramatic instinct. At times her work in "Fine Feathers" was excellent. Perhaps Miss Evan's weakest point is her voice. which is hardly able to meet the requirements of a singing soubrette. But Miss Evans never gets left," even if she can't sing. Some of has pantomimic efforts at melody last night were

'Fine Feathers" tells the story of sudden fortune coming to the adopted daughter of the burly proprietor of Clover Dell Farm. Of course it is a very conventional story, but it is nicely trousers. and naturally told, without the usual accompaniment of deep-dyed villains and melodra-

matic accessories. Miss Evans has a capital company. Many of the "selected supports" and "superb casts," of which we hear so much and see so little at this modest organization. William Blaisdell made a good singing comedian, and Harry Wilson an excellent old man. Miss Marie Bingham was effective as Mrs. Letitia Hawtone, and Miss Marguerite Fealey did well with the part of Lady Mildred. ALAN DALE.

TRICKED INTO A MOCK MARRIAGE. An Ohlo Girl Deceived by Her Affianced and a Bogus Magistrate.

ISPECIAL TO THE WORLD ! ceremony just brought to light here has created a sensation. Some time and a good-looking young man named Bot Early, employed by a olling-mill company, cut quite a figure in soci-IV. He won the heart of Miss Louise Louby, a young lady prominently connected, proposed marriage and was accepted. Two months ago Early suggested to the young lady that they be married clandestinely that evening. She consented, and they went to the house of a friend, where the wedding ceremony was performed by a man introduced by Early as John Lindsey. In tice of the Feace, and who so signed himself. The marriage was kept secret. Two weeks ago Bert Farly suddenly disappeared, and the young lady they intorned her parents of the wedding. They made an investigation and found that there was no Justice of the Feace by the name of Lindsey in this county and that no marriage license was procured. Miss Lemby to day left for Toledo to find her betrayer, and this way the story leaked out. Officers are trying to discover the identity of the pretended Justice. oung lady prominently connected, proposed

The History of a Paragraph.

called the Backwoodman's Banner, which is frequently quoted. Last week The Evening | When World quoted a paragraph about the poor of New York and credited it correctly. The next day the same paragraph appeared in the morning Wonld, credited to one namesake, the Metropoite, of Jacksonville, Fig., which had shows not only that the Buckrood man's Banner is a power in journalism, but that the scissors | couple of times. editor of the morning World does not read Tur-Evening Would-which is a mistake on his he squeezed into his pocket, and when asked herself, her daughter and granddaughter. part, as THE EVENING WORLD is a capital newspaper

Belva Lockwood Writes the SUNDAY WORLD of Odd Things She Sees in London.

Mr. O'Connor Will Dabble in Beer. day Sho for record in the Superior Court from the Bancroschmidt & Marr Brewing Company to the Baltimore Breweries Company, conveying "If I were as ugly as you are, I would drown myself in Cedar Swamp."

The youth who made that happy remark to Miss Banzay, of Bedford, Ont., referring to

Ailments Treated and Clothing Provided for the Babies.

was too sensitive. She erroneously judged Public Sympathy Takes a Substantial Shape.

> Nell Nelson and " Buth " in the Homes of the Poor.

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	The Contributions.	١
1	A ready schnowledged   \$6,070,07	
i	THE PARTY OF THE P	T.

Send to Editor of "Evening World," The Clover Leaf Club has a small amount of money for the sick babies. Please publish in your paper where we shall send it. Wish-

ing you all suc est, we are The Clover Leaf Club, of Harlem. DELOISE PAYSON. GEORGETTE MODEMANN, MADELINE BARNARD, ETTA BARNARD.

> GRACIE BACH. ANNA CLASON. LILY, MATA and HELEN MODEMANN.

Mus. Young. For the "Evening World" Doctress. In the Editor of The Evening World:

I send you a dollar for the good doctress to use for a sick baby. LITTLE DAISY.

Bath Beach.

In the Editor of The Evening World Inclosed please find 50 cents in aid of the Sick Habies' Fund. It is all I can afford, but I wish it was \$50. May God bless you in

Summit House Fuir. To the Follow of The Evening World

Inclosed please find \$16 to be used for the Sick Children's Fund. This is the result of a small fair given by us six little girls, all under eleven years of age, who are guests of the Summit House. We hope it may benefit these little children who have not the means and care we are blessed with.

MAY CRANITCH. FANNIE TRAUTMANN, BELLE CLASSY. RAD BATTERSBURG, ALSIE THAUTMANN,

LIZZIE LAMOREAU. East Windham, N. Y.

In Memory of a Brother, My two little girls have saved up their pennies in memory of their brother, and wish a dollar devoted to the Sick Babies' and the other dollar to the Fre-h Air Fund. Trusting God will bless your noble work.

A MOTHER. In Memorium. to the Edutor of The Exenting World Inclosed please find check for \$25 in aid of your fund for the relief of the sick babies in

IN MEMORIAM, J. J. M.

NELL NELSON AND "RUTH." They Make a Round of the Poor Homes and

Do Much Good.

the tenement-house district.

After all, the sweetest pleasures in life are those we make for others. Wee Tom, who danced atten

at the Clarendon Hall reception, was at my door when I went out to meet the lettercarrier. The sun was shining on his bore little bosom, and tanning the flesh that gleamed among the patches of his arry

He is so nearly the color of the brown-stone sters that I did not see him till he got up. liberated a butterfly from his skull can and told me that he'd "been waiting for me."

"How long?" "I came as soon as I got up."

"Had any breakfast?"

" No."

" What would you like?" " Watermelon."

I cave him 25 cents to squander on the meal and told him to come back in half an hour. When he returned he gave me the bill of fare.

"Two cuts of watermelon, three ginger cakes, a piece of pie and 16 cents left." It was a little past 8 o'clock when we er

tered Sterns', in Twenty-third street. Poor Tom had never been in such a bi store before, and the grandeur of the place and the multitude behind the counters dazzled and bewildered him. He took his first rent of the flat, and God and the neighbors ride in an elevator, and his conduct in the suit department was pathetic, for poincully conscious of his dilapidated attire he pulled half-year-old brother, dress four children, the neck-band of his shirt close about his feed them all, and Dr. Mason insures the neck, held it with his chiu, and failing to bealth of the alling babe. cover the vawning gulf between his trousers shoulders and fingers met and slunk away to

hide behind a pile of goods. Without prolonging the childish agony he was coaxed to the counter, fitted with a nurried off to a room to put them on. I sent her in the face. him a box of cambric waists to make a choice,

completely transformed him. He was another | bread and seven cents worth of cheese. boy. Straight as a lath, bright, confident | In West Fifty-sixth street a little help and and happy. The little knee breeches were a great deal of medical assistance is rendered

A new cloth hat replaced the old cap, which about the undershirt he said : "I don't know. Never had a undershirt."

Two merinos were bought, and a blue women, all forgetful of their own wants in flaunel under-waist, to be worn until cool their anxiety for their children. weather, was added to the outlif. We outfit cost but \$12. There were twelve articleption. cles, and they are first class. They cover the | One girl, a pretty thing, with big, blue boy with manipess, deceney and respect, and fill his heart with joy.

At my door, when we returned, we found Mr. Ripley's coach and bays, Dr. Sumner

Mason and "Ruth" waiting to make the day's round. I invited Tom to a seat on the lox, but he hung his head, and is a most timid way said: "I'd rather go home and

let me mudder see me." Dr. Mason gave him \$1 for his sick baby brother, a twenty-five cent pocket-piece, and away he went down the street, with winged feet and glad as a bird.

I forgot to state that Tom is eight years of age, the eldest of six children, and the only street. Her "mother went away long time son of a widow in East Fifteenth street, who supports herself at the washtub. All Summer Dr. Constable has ministered to the comfort of her little ones, and besides filling out prescriptions he has repeatedly filled the tenpot, milk pitcher and frying pan for the disheartened parent.

In that time we have exchanged a lot of letters, all about poor, sick babies and material for their comfort and relief. To-day, at her own request, she comes to

to see for herself the real condition of the aptown poor. She brings two hampers of bottled delicaies, for she says "everybody sends the substantials, and I want to provide a reliah of

ome sort."

There are jars full of sweet-meats; glasses of jelly, bottled chicken, mutton and beef jellies, prepared foods from C. D. Armour & Co., some sweet wine, brandy for adult in valids, small packages of tea, rice, gelatme and corn starch, and in her ivory-bound shopping book, the pames of destitute women and children are tisted for the clothing she volunteers to send to morrow.

All the room in the carriage and all the space on the box, not occupied by the coach- | Sundays." man, is crowded with parcels containing fifty odd baby suits.

Our first stop is made on West Thirty-sixth street, where a most unhappy family is visited in one of the rear flats. The husband, a oung man, has consumption. The hand of Death has cro-sed his own, and so close is the West Forty-sixth street and among the blending of mortality and immortality that life takes the gount and grisly form of death and death, the almost sanguine glow and hue of life. Every particle of flesh has wasted and withered away, and the struggle is very near its end.

He knows he cannot recover, and his quiet resignation is touching in its solemnity. On the floor are two little girls, one and a half and three years of age, both suffering from stomach trouble and the want of proper nonrishment. The young mother is at the froning board finishing the work that is to pay for an ounce of brandy for her dying husband.

The rent is overdue, the children need clothing and shoes, and greater than the tangible miseries are the ones impending. The good doctor does what he can to make his little patients comfortable: "Ruth "gets a quart bottle of brandy and some chicken boullion for the sick man; we give the mother an order on Alexander for two pairs of little shoes, and from the fund a payment

of \$3 is made on the rout. Another victim of the dread disease that riches cannot cure nor poverty escape is found across the street, this time a young

mother. She sits at the open window in the hot kitchen with her first baby in her lap, and the cough that shakes her feeble body is jeopardy for the innocent babe. Ruth is in tears. The red-hot stove, over which some friend in the house has set a pot of ment to boi, the furnace-like heat reflected, the hard bed, not two feet distant from the fire, the perject of the room, its poverty and the helptess, hopeless condition of the sick

woman move her heart. She knows at once what to do. Another bottle of brandy is opened; she sends downstairs for milk and an egg, removes her light, delicate gloves, and with her own white hands prepares a milk punch for the grate-

ful woman. Most concerned about the welfare of the little chi d whose safety is possible, the doctor orders a prescription and advises a daily ducing people to distrust all doctors-except trip on the water, offering from his own purse the necessary car-fare.

"Ruth " provides for the expenses on the steamer, but the woman has no clothes, "I can't go anywhere, not even to the grave de

cently." "Ruth " promises that she spall have

dress in three hours. Another touching scene in West Fifty second street makes " Buth's" heart sick. and she wishes that she had not come. Nellie O'K--- is a widow and only thirty-two years old. Her husband died six months ago. leaving ber to provide for six children, the youngest a babe of four months.

She hasn't a dellar in the wide world, two of her children are sick and their condition is deplorable, for she is unable to get work.

A boy of sixteen, whose earnings in a telegraph office amount to \$16 a month, pays the only know how the family is fed. We shoe a girl of three and her four-and-s

In West For y sixth street another tax is and shirt waist, he dro ped his head, gath. laid on our sympathies. There are three ered his arms up in the ragged sleeves until generations in the family; both mother and daughter are widows, and the circumstances are extreme.

The younger mother is twenty, and a beauty. She is a seamstress by trade, but Knickerbocker suit of woollen ciothes, and there is no work now, and starvation stares

We help her with clothing, milk, medicine, The Delgeville (N. Y.) Heraid has an annex and he selected the two gaudiest patterns in | jelly, broth and infants' food, and the same kindness is extended to a family across the When he emerged the little \$4.98 suit had street that we find making a meal on a loaf of

> securely buttoned to the muslin waist, but a curl-mother and her sick baby. Mother Tom missed the fronk atrap, and, from force | and child's ages aggreg to seventeen and a of habit, hitched them above his waist a half years. Au older woman, too weak to stand on her feet, is arated before a table, sprinkling clothes, the source of income for In the hallways, on the stairs and along

> > the sidewalks we are importuned by poor

During the day shoes are provided for SUNDAY WORLD. bought a necktie, two pairs of stockings, twenty children, ranging from two months which were carried over to Alexander's and to fourteen years, and so sore are the necessiput on for a new pair of shoes. The whole ties of these little girls that a pair is an ex-

> eyes and black hair, leads the doctor into a small room, dark enough to hide her confusion, and begs for shoes. She is a nurse girl in an uptown family

nine months in the year, where she receives 51,50 a week and the privilege of attending night school.

We give her the coveted shoes, and a little friend similarly circumstanced who 'has never seen a penny of her wages, 'cause the agents always collects it for the rent," is Her Gay and Serions Comments on the made happy with the same favor.

Katte is thirteen years old and mistress of affairs in her father's flat, West Forty-ninth ago," and she keeps house for eight-year-old Paddy and five-year-old Mamie. There is a sister of fifteen, but she was taken sick last month and had to be sent into the country.

The little brunette, a Vere de Vere in man per, is very devoted to the doctor, ""cause he made Paddy well." At his suggestion she "Ruth" is a lady living in Riversida Park tells us about her hon ekeeping, first taking whom I have known for the last forty days, one of his hands in her own and brushing it against her soft, warm cheek.

Well, father gives me all the money and I buy the groceries and the meat and the coaland all the things to eat And I make the make the circuit of Dr. Mason's district and beds and cook the bacon and tea, and I wash the clothes, and every night I wash Paddy's and Mamie's feet and eyes, 'cause they're sore, and puts them to bed.

" Father calls me his little cook, and when I'm hig he's going to buy me a gold ring." The dear, brave little midget has a dress on, nothing eise, and her dark brown tresses all alout her eyes and tace like the mane of a Shetland pony. I ask her if she doesn't want me to buy ber some new shoes and

bring her some clothes. "Oh, no! I have shoes; see," crawling out from under the bed with a pair, "and I have dresses here in the drawer. Father tought them for me. I let Annie wear the nicest to the country and this one I have for

The doctor advises her to accept a suit for daily use, but she proudly scorns the offer and says "No, thank you, please," when

Ruth offers a gift. Dr. Masen finds work to do with many severe cases of dimrho a and marssmus along tenants of West Fitty-sixth street, and in every instance either clothes, shoes or a relish of some sort is provided.

When the end of our supplies is reached there are still ffty-seven little ones under thirteen unprovided tor. With shoe leather so very cheap, only \$1.25 and warranted to wear a whole year, it seems too bad that there should be any bare feet, for life at best is rough travel, and the journey is hard and wearisome even in prunella and suede kid, NELL NELSON.

six of these were children under five years of age. The causes were: 

The Death Rate.

The total number of deaths during the past

twenty-four hours were eighty-seven. Forty-

Notes of the Wark. That beautiful tasket from the "Daughters of Wall Street" was sent as directed to the family of the blind man in East Fifteenth street. We know it was beautiful, because we opened it by mistake, and as soon as the error was detected strapped it up again.

Be assured, little girls, that your kindness s fully appreciated. It was received with tears by the mother, but there was no bitterness in them.

class of the hand and to say that you have the prayers of the family for your goodness. Good Work Better Than Wrangling.

I am requested to send you each a warm

[From the Metropolis.] The speciacle of two prominent doctors make ing faces at each other and exchanging such epithets as "liar," "fraud," "impostor" may do good if it leads people to distrust doctors in general. One-half of the diseases from which mankind suffers can be cured by a dose of castor oil, and most of the others can be prevented by regular observance of the simplest laws of health. Hammond and Sayre are unconsciously distributing the elixir of life gratuitously by in-

those of THE EVENING WORLD corps, who go about doing good. Belva Lockwood's Interesting Letter o London Gossip, in the SUNDAY WORLD.

WHO WILL LEAD THE 20TH? CARROLL, NOLAN AND RIDGWAY TALKED

OF TO SUCCEED PLACK. The Fall political campaign is fast ap proaching, and the days of the primaries are

not iar distant. Still the Twentieth Assembly District Tammanyites are without a leader. Such a condition of affairs in so perfectly organized a party as Tammany Hall is not tolerated long, and a great deal of interest is

Sheriff James A. Flack as member of the animany Executive Committee from this John F. Carroll and Sylvester E. Nolan are mentioned for the place, and Carroll is especially strong with the members of the General Committee.

Despite this fact he may not be chosen if Characteristic Croker objects, with he is

manifested in the probable successor of

Chamoerlain Croker objects, which he i a te ha de to do. Both Carroll and Nolan have been mentioned in counction with the disgraceful Flack divorce case, which occasioned the vacancy which they would fill.

Carroll is the Clerk of Justice Monell's Court and Nolan is employed in the County Clerk's office, and is the Commissioner of Deeds before whom the affidavit of service of

summons and complaint in the divorce pro-ceedings was made.
While neither of these gentlemen are proven to have been connected with the conspiracy their close relations to the parties in interest may cause Mr. Croker to put his foot i say that neither of them shall be If he does this it is quite probable that his

choice of a leader for the Twentieth may fall on Emigration Commissioner Edgar L. Ridg-

A Gold Medal for Boston Pants, Aug. 51.-The jury of the Exposition commend that a gold medal be awarded to Boston for its educational exhibits. Similar recommendations have been made in favor of Cornell University and the University of Virginia,

A Night in the Thieves' Dens. Read the Nords a Rest.

Wife (who never lets her husband forget that she is doing the housework)-My poor

en married. Husband—I know.your poor tongue has. Att. uneasiness and wakefulness in children relieved by MONELL's TEETHING CORDIAL. Price 25 cents.

Worldly Side of Life.

Woman's Growing Penchant for Luxurious Outdoor Sport.

Clever Ruse of an Admirer of the Galety Dancing Girls.

ISPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE OF THE EVENING WORLD. YONX'S BOATING BELLE. Let that be the print for her real viame, which the reader wouldn't recognize anyhow, for it is not that of ionable family. The Bronx is called a river. but it is only a creek, Minst out of town to the

sinewy and strong, and it is curious to see how | The fact was that the dansenses were already she endcavors to get the advantages of outdoor exercise without losing her aspects of weak femininity. She has brothers who row in knitted shirts, so scant that their arms are bare to the not to give, persisted until he obtained an intops of their shoulders, and she follows their fashion to far as to wear a sleeveless jersey waist. It fits her figure nicely, and is a clever adaptation, too, for it looks as though it didn't gird her waist in the least. Nor does it. But be it known that a corset—a very pliable one, yet still a corset—is underneath that outer envelope. Her hands are protected from callousness and abrasions by soft gloves. which reach to her elbows. Therefore, when she drops the oars of her Summer outing, and takes up the fan of her Winter inning, it will be that the skirt dancers were treated to an aswith fingers as taper as ever, and palms as soft. Besides, she can don elbow sleeves these August evenings and show the most delicate of forearms. How about the bare skin betwirt shoulders and elbows? you ask. Ah! There is cleverness. She is bound to row with her biceps in view, as her brothers do, and she is proud of the muscles that raise the smooth flesh at each stroke, but she wouldn't like to expose, at her first autumnal baliroom reappearance, arms as charmors, where he could even talk to them tanned as sunburn would naturally leave them. So she has obtained a recipe, in which the principal inguedients are cocoa butter, bismuth and lemon juice, for obliterating the tan in a single week. During the nights of that period she will sleep with upper arms smeared with the unguent. in order to bleach away the brown which is now one of the charms of her sightliness in a boat.

WOMAN'S JOT IN BARGAIN HUNTING, But of all the sports known to outdoors or in doors, city or country, none is pursued with greater zest by its devotees than that of bargain hunting. And of all the year round, now is the time for it, so far as New York is concerned. The retail business is naturally dull in August, and, in order to clear out old stock to make room for September's new goods, merchants seek to enliven trade by loading their bargain

counters attractively. Women come in from the near watering places to hunt for bargain game, tourists indulge in the sport, and others to whom the saving of noney is really of account throng the stores. These latter frugal women are rather disdained by the former pleasurable ones, just as pot hunters are despised by true sportsmen, and no nillionaire ever got more satisfaction from hooking a ten-cent trout than a satin-bound dowager can derive from the catching of a dime bargain. She will spend a dollar in car-fares, and almost soak her old head off with perspiration, in hunting down her small game. Well, it is all right. The bargains are thus

well, it is all right. The bargains are thus valuable to the poor, delightful to the rich and profitable to the dealer. There is occasionally a mighty funny episode, too. In the midst of his name. But Lilly Carnas did not find a the retail shopping district is a luncheon restaurant for women. It is jammed full during the middle hours of the day. On a central counter this week are piled bargains in cakes, tarts, crullers, sandwiches and eclairs. They are "marked down" not because they are shopworn or out of fashion, but through the proprietor's desire to whoop up his trade. It is a sight to see the crowd of women around that counter, peering close at the viands, spiffing at them, poking them with their fingers and treatng them as though they were articles to wear rather than to swallow. They don't propose to

be fooled, you know. 'Are those doughnuts fresh?" an old lady asked, denting one of them with her gloved forefinger.

"They're this morning's bake," the pert girl clerk replied. ' Sure ?" and the bargain hunter took one up. " Certain, ma'am," was the pert answer. "It seems rather hard," and the lady autiously bit it.

"It's a perfectly fresh cruller." "Oh. I thought 'twas a doughnut." "No. It might be considered hard for a loughnut, but it is soft enough for a cruller." "But I don't want a cruller," and the shopper

laid it down. She turned away, and then the salesgirl called after her: "Madam, madam, don't you want your teeth ?" A full set of false teeth, with a gold plate attached, were left stuck in the cruller. The lady did want them and in a tremendous hurry;

but think of the bargain somebody else might

otherwise have found in that hunk of fried

dough! As it was, I presume the restaurant

man had to mark it down still lower on account of the damage that bite had done to it. HAGE FOR SHORT SKIRT DANCERS. Skirt dancers are going to be so plenty in the stage shows next winter that we shall probably take to shooting them on sight before Springime comes. But for the present all theatrical spectators like them very much. Even one of those old fellows who can usually find nothing on the stage comparable with the performances when he was young admitted to me that a danserse in a present Broadway outertainment was almost as good as Fanny Bi-sley. That was a confession of a high degree of admiration, for nothing within the memory of the age I beau is more phenomenally gracoful than Elssier. The half-long dresses, willowy posturings and undulous revolutions of

of Elssler's fascinating ballet art. Two handsome girls of a London bur'esque company introduced "skirt dancing " to this ountry last winter, and for the first time in my day ballet creatures really pleased the majority of the women among the spectators. It should be explained, for the enlightenment of those who do not already know it, that a serios of skirts merge into pantalettes on these modest dansenses, so that the wildest whirls and the nimblest kicks are no impropriety. Already bands have been working ever since I've this season we have exponents of cing " in three of the new plays of the town and from variety show to light opers, the theatrical entertainment not provided with it will be hard to find. Beriously, this is a happy turn of ballet

affairs, and the revulsion against ntterly skirt ess costumes should be joyfully greated.

WILLING VICTIMS TO PAME. A dramatic critic showed to me one day's heap of letters that had accumulated on his deal, I had remarked to him that it was a shame how the newspapers gave publicity to the smallest doings of actresses and how the ladies must be annoyed by it. Therefore, he let me read the chance collection of missives, and among them were not less than a dozen cool reguests by actresses-some of them renowned and none quite unknown to fame-that he should print paragraphs which they inclosed. Among these was one testing of the writer's grief at the loss of a pet dog; another nav-rating an accident by which an almost fatal dose of poison was taken; a third disclosed the constructive secrets of underskirter a fourth was to give currency to a matrimonial scaudal involving the correspondent herself, and so ou through the lot. It was a revelation to me of the anxiety amounting almost to voracity of actresses to be exploited in print.

A GAIRTY LOVER'S RUSE.
Right in the face of this knowledge, but with to excuse that Letty Lind and Sylvia Grey have gone back to London, there to stay for a year or two at least. I am going to tell a story which, if they were still performing in this country I should not write for fear of serving an advertise ing purpose. The London Burlesque Company, a famously rich or fash- in which these two gyrators made us sequainted with shirt dancing, was at the Standard Theatre. The town's contingent of addle-pated mushers had deserted the comic operas and flocked to this new alturement. That degree of northward, and some of situlation was new to Sylvia and Letty, whose its lazy stretches are London vogue had been comparatively insigshaded into absolute se- nificant, but they did not permit themselves to clusion by bordering be dazed by it, and the Johnnies-that is the trees and shrubbery. Our carsgirl is a pretty | London nickname for dudes who dangle after creature, as gentle as any Gwendolen, yet actresses were held off from familiar approach conjugally attached and were therefore incligi-

ble to American wooing. One irrepressible fellow, whose name it is best terview with them. He was then and there informed that it wasn't any sort of use to waste his time in seeking an acquaintance, because positively they would not know him. One evening, not long thereafter, the orchestra leader was ill and absent. The first violinist was to take his place in the high seat and conduct the musical portions of the burlesque. The Johnny had become friendly with Fred Leslie, the comedian of the company, and it was through him. along with the expenditure of some money. tounding surprise. When they came out to dance they found in the temporary conductor none other than the unconquerable Johnny himself. Of course he may not bave known anything about leading an orchestra. but he could make motions with the baton, while the well-drilled musicians played as usual, and he had the supreme satisfaction of bobbing up serencly right in front of those two London while they danced, and they couldn't either sauce him back or fly from him.

"And what did it lead to?" was asked of Come dian Leslie, who gave the particulars to a friend of mine. 'Nothing at all, I think," was the reply. "I shouldn't have been surprised if the ladies had abaudoned their policy of repulsion in conse quence of his unprecedented exploit, but he seemed to be satisfied with that adventurous

climax, and never tried to go near them again. CLARA BELLE. Copyright, New York. Aug. 31, 1889.

A Princess Violinier. (Paris Letter to Philadelphia Bulletts.)
One of the curious sights of the Exposi ion, in fact, the principal attraction on the programme of a case-concert, is a prince violinist. Princess Lilly Dolgorouky wa born at Madrid. Her mother was Spanis her father French, and Lilly Caznas began her career as a wandering violinist, Suddenly her father French, and Laty her career as a wandering violinist, Suddenly it was discovered that she had great talent and her studies were completed under Wienawski and Kouski. She was courageout enough to give concerts at St. Petersburg masski and Kouski. She was courageous enough to give concerts at St. Petersburg and to the hotel where she and her mother lived came Prince Vladimir Dolgorouky cousin of the morganatic wife of Alexander II. H. Lilly and the Frince fell in love, but Vladimir Dolgorouky lost sight of the violing tuntil one day he heard that stress concerns. nul one day he heard that after a conce

prince y home sufficient compensation for the braves of he public, and the Frince and Princess were separated—amicab'v separated, for she was allowed to retain her husband's name and to reappear upon the stage. Only once has Prince Dolgorouky in affered; he was shocked, a and alized, to see the name of Princess Dolgorouky, a name that is traced back to Rurik, the first Grand Duke of back to Rurik, the first Grand Duke of Russia, on handbills in the city of Berlin. He asked the Russian Embassy to prohibit these advertisements, but the embassy was powerless. The day after the Princess had been called before the ambassador Berlin was flooded with placards: "Her Highness, Princess Lilly Dolgo-roulty, violinist to the Empress of all the Russian."

Ru-sias. Since that time she has played in all the large cities of Europe, and everywhere she is the Princess Dolgorouky.



" What's der matter, Skinny ?" " I stoled some green apples out'n Highee's orchard." Did de ole man catch yer?" 'No: I eat de appies.'

[From Life.]

[From the Terre Raute Express.] Mr. N. Peck -- I think if any one is entitled a pension it's me. Mudge-You were never in the war, were

you?
Mr. Peck—No, but the fellow my wife was
engaged to got killed at Shiloh.

A Queer Question. (From the Epock.)
Cora-I really must be careful not to give Mr. Smythe any more encouragement, for I do not want to burt h s feelings.

### Edith—He has not proposed, has he? Cora—No, but he has been asking me if I thought I could keep house on #10 a week. these new "skirt dancers" are a mere revival Sick Headache

Is a very distressing affection, generally arising from temach troubles, bittousness and dyspepsis, and requestly and persons of toth seven subject to period seadaches for which they can ascribe no direct cause. But the heads, he is a sure indication that there is some thing wrong somewhere, and whatever the cause Hood's Sarasparilla is a reliable remedy for beadache, and for all timbles which seem to require a corrective and regulator. It cures dyspepale, beloweness, malaria, ones the stomach, creates an appetite.

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